

(1)



Select  
**PSALMES**

OF  
**A NEVV TRANSLATION,**

To be sung in VERSE and CHORUS  
of *five Parts*, with *Symphonies* of *Vio-*  
*lins, Organ,* and other Instruments,  
*Novemb. 22. 1655.*

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*Composed by* HENRY LAWES, *Servant to*  
*His late Majesty.*

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PSALM CXXXVII.

**S**itting by the streams that glyde  
Down by *Babel's* Towing wall,  
With our teares we fill'd the Tyde,  
Whilst our mindfull thoughts recall  
Thee, O S I O N, and thy Fall!

A

Our

( 2 )

2.

Our neglected Harps unstrung,  
Not acquainted with the hand  
Of the skillfull Tuner, hung  
On the Willow Trees that stand  
Planted in the Neighbour Land.

3.

Yet the spightfull Foe command's  
Songs of Mirth, and bids us lay  
To dumb Harps our captive hands,  
And ( to scoffe our Sorrows ) say,  
Sing us some sweet Hebrew Lay.

4.

But ( say we ) our holy Strain  
Is too pure for Heathen Land,  
Nor may we our Hymns prophane,  
Or tune either Voice or Hand  
To delight a Savage Band.

5.

Holy *Salem*, if thy Love  
Fall from my forgetfull heart,  
May the skill by which I move  
Strings of Musick, tun'd by Art,  
From my wither'd Hand depart.

6.

May my speechlesse Tongue give sound  
To no Accent, but remain  
To my prison Roof fast bound,  
If my sad Soul entertain  
Mirth till Thou rejoice again.

(3)

7.

In that day, remember Lord  
*Edom's* brood ; thus in our Groanes  
They triumph'd, with Fire and Sword  
Burn their City, hew their bones,  
And make all one heap of stones.

8.

Cruell *Babel* ! thou shalt feel  
The Revenger of our Groans,  
When the happy Victor's steel  
As thine ours, shall hew thy bones,  
And make Thee one heap of stones.

9.

Men shall blesse the hand that tear's  
From the Mother's soft Imbraces  
Sucking Infants, and besmeares  
With their brains the rugged faces  
Of the Rocks and stony places.

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Part of the LXVI. P S A L M.

H Appy sonns of *Israel*,  
Who in pleasant *Canaan* dwell,  
Fill the Ayre with Showts of Joy ;  
Showts redoubled from the Sky :  
Sing the Great *Jehovah's* praise,  
Trophees to his Glory raise.

## PSALM CIV.

**M**Y Soul the Great God's Prayſes ſings,  
 Circled round with Glory's wings,  
 Cloath'd with Light, or'e whom the Sky  
 Hangs like a ſtarry Canopy,  
 Enthron'd in Clouds, as in a Chaire  
 He rides in Triumph through the Aire.

The Winds and Flaming Element  
 Are on his great Ambaſſage ſent,  
 The Fabrick of the Earth ſhall ſtand  
 For Aye, built by his powerful hand;  
 The Floods that with their watry Robe  
 Once cover'd all this Earthly Globe,  
 Soon as thy thundring Voice was heard  
 Fle'd faſt, and ſtreight the Hills appear'd:  
 The humble Valleys ſaw the Sun  
 Whiſt the afrighted Waters run  
 Into their Channells, and no more  
 Shall drown the Earth, or paſſe their Shoare.

Along thoſe Vales the cool Springs flow  
 And waſh the Mountaines feet below;  
 Thither for Drink the whole Herd ſtrayes,  
 There the wild Aſſe his thirſt allay's,  
 And on the boughes that ſhade the Spring  
 The Feather'd Choir ſhall ſit and ſing.  
 When on her Womb thy Dew is ſhed  
 The pregnant Earth is brought to bed,  
 And with a fruitful Birth encreaſt  
 Yeilds Herbs and Graſſe for Man and Beaſt;  
 Heart-ſtrength'ning Bread, care-drowning Wine,  
 And Oyle that makes the ſleek Face ſhine.

On

On *Lebanon* his Cedars stand;  
 Trees full of sap, Works of his hand;  
 In them the Birds their Cabbins dight;  
 The Firr-tree is the Stork's delight;  
 The wilde-Goat on the Hills, in Cells  
 Of Rocks the Hermite Coney dwells;  
 The Moon observes her course, the Sun  
 Knowes when his weary race is run;  
 And when the Night her dark veyl spreads  
 The wilder Beasts forsake their sheds.  
 The hungry Lions hunt for blood,  
 And roaring beg from Heav'n their food;  
 The Sun return's, these Beasts of prey  
 Fly to their dennes, and from the day:  
 And whilst they in dark Corners lurk,  
 Man till the Ev'ning goes to work:  
 How full of Creatures is the Earth,  
 To which thy Wisdome gave their birth!  
 And those that in the wide Sea breed,  
 The bounds of number farre exceed.  
 There the huge Whales with finny feet,  
 Down underneath the sailing Fleet.  
 All these expect their nourishment  
 From thee, and gather what is sent:  
 Be thy hand open, they are fed,  
 Be thy face hid, astonished:  
 If thou withdraw their Soul, they must  
 Return into their former dust.

\* God's glory shall for ever stay;  
 He shall with joy his works survey.  
 The stedfast Earth shall shake, if he  
 Look down, and if the Mountaines be

*if thousand back thy breath, the jaws  
 of death is spread with a new race,  
 Gods glory &c.*

Touche,

(6)

Toucht, they shall smoak; yet still my Verse  
Shall whilst I live his Praise rehearse.  
In him with joy my Thoughts shall meet,  
He make's my Meditations sweet;  
The Sinner shall appeare no more,  
Then, O my Soul, the Lord adore.

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*Part of the CXI. P S A L M.*

**L**ord aloft thy triumphs raise,  
While we sing thy Power and Praise:  
My Soul, the honour of the King,  
Shall in the great Assembly sing;  
His Praise, while Men have Memory  
And pow'r of speech, shall never dye.

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*P S A L. XX.*

**T**He Lord in thy Adversity  
Regard thy cry;  
Great *Jacob's* God with safety arm  
And shield from harm:  
Help from his Sanctuary send,  
And out of *Sion* thee defend.

2.

Thy Odours, which pure flames consume,  
Be his Perfume.  
May He accept thy Sacrifice,  
Fyr'd from the Skies:  
For ever thy endeavours bleste,  
And Crown thy Councils with successe.

We

(7)

3.  
We will of thy Deliverance sing,  
Triumphant King !  
Our Ensignes in that praid-for day  
With joy display,  
Ev'n in the Name of God, ô still  
May he thy just desires fulfill !

4.  
Now know we his Anointed he  
Will save and free :  
With saving hand, and mighty pow'r,  
From his high Tower :  
These trust in Horse, in Chariots those,  
Our trust we in our God repose.

5.  
Their wounded limbs with anguish bend,  
To death descend :  
But we in fervor of the Fight  
Have stood upright,  
O save us Lord ! thy suppliants heare,  
And in our aide, great King, appeare.

Lord aloft thy Triumphs raise,  
While we sing thy power and praise.

Hallelujah.